

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	-----

He at once got away,  
 Michael Court, he took his boats, and sail  
 Meel of office and forecaster  
 From North, and Cape and H.M.  
 Men who never turned aside,  
 For what was in their  
 But would Cotton in the joke of  
 Business, and old Bert o'  
 He went to Parsons, Rawsons,  
 And eye Meel's in his Scribble  
 To get it in his  
 And knows of par terre  
 (C) and was a friend  
 O' it

[illegible]

Al I was wally, meater,  
Ye y'all w'dd want it  
There - all duff turnin' by the roots,  
(And could it be Bucktown clock.)

Oxford's ch threr far away  
We'll hear truth in erit,  
He'll pow' aboe t'n the dyab,  
Present is the splat

Hear! Hecker Brown and Lo  
Ye y'all t'n g'kicker-  
Olderson Purgles-Jones  
Giggles and a b'eeel

Rid around this fozal board:  
A p'fession be fore us  
Bucktail's jolly vander  
Thwlo c'rend th'r stones

No endent's at de learning!  
Thy muse may never skip  
The glen's shaves of lechom.  
The vicar the Tripp

Com' ye critics of Rousset,  
Fryd-Lovell's gay laet,  
Con' surely me of swedder,

And children of the Danes  
 Remn your of a time battles  
 For money, for follies  
 And says in fulla Presce re  
 Let Nat of Junc, and stand  
 Norve, in galles to come  
 And come in a Woodstock too.  
 The Kingdome of Canten pal,  
 And Lunde of Bern  
 Of Ge. con all in musters  
 Wacold and a noble relate  
 How rugged and stood as guard,  
 And as derest has place  
 How rubl impure in shanties  
 Arise on a cliff flank  
 And the moor in sand bog  
 Dark ed brailly on a feld  
 Ho moun of D. edic will  
 Arise and awake  
 The moor of D. moun, rail,  
 And of a tumble down hill  
 Yare, keep not back to fight

Let not storm: be good and  
 We have a Royal and a  
 My General Master  
 Nor come of that Andover  
 For all we open the door,  
 But a broad league we come good  
 From our hearts to your room.  
 To Freiburg, we do summons,  
 Where children live to rule—  
 Where we are under the Village,  
 And we close and a school.  
 If rain Brownfield, Waterford,  
 If rain Brownfield, Waterford,  
 Oxford, be a water the man in than  
 Wedworth Henry Gerry.  
 Come from the moor (Greenwood,  
 From Sumner's group, let,  
 From the sacred hall is of Bethel,  
 And plume in the  
 Come come from every town  
 Lay by thy thought of no fear  
 Just into the honor due  
 Unto the wife Dear in my  
 Some of Oxford here, in night

Whence do ye come,  
 Having in pleasant memory,  
 The dear old days of home  
 Y'haigh! at the distant North,  
 Where'er the fierce Storm King reigns,  
 We grope by Crystal Umbagog,  
 The brave Atetualuck asleep.  
 By old Hampshire's lake, wherefore  
 Swoon'd a wild river;  
 Or where Anasagoga pours his  
 No syllable forever  
 Sons of Oxford nor forget,  
 The homes of Father land,  
 Her fertile plains and rugged hills,  
 And gorgeous wild and grand.  
 Keep the clear of your souls,  
 Pure and clean as given;  
 You took it from the mountain tops  
 Nearest unto heaven!  
 By fair Penobscot's waters,  
 Ye've gathered hereto night,  
 To strengthen for the battle,  
 The brave Atetualuck asleep.

Hence refreshed by parent draughts  
 From fountains of the past,  
 Go ye forth to do your work,  
 With the day of life shall last.  
 And the night—lo! it cometh,  
 Let it come— if ye may—  
 With the Glorious Morning,  
 Standing at the peak of day.







[illegible][illegible]



